

1972

Untitled (Photograph)

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Whenever I was young I'd be a cowboy in blue jeans and red hat with the chin strap up because that was sissy to have it down and my imaginary leather chaps with white lamb fuzz on the sides and my red plaid shirt and red bandana scarf and I'd ride the wide ranges of the backyard on my trusty horse and sometimes my horse would climb trees with me because he was a good horse and didn't mind the inconvenience and we were pretty close me and that horse like the time when his foot slipped and he fell out of the tree and I hurried down to him but missed my grip on the limb just above the one you have to wrap your knee around to get up on it was a dumb miss I never missed before and I was ashamed to tell them how I fell but anyway I missed and broke my leg and tried to get to my horse I really did but it hurt too bad and I couldn't make it so I screamed and they came and brought me in and called the doctor and he said I'd have to be in a cast all summer and I said no not unless my horse was in a cast too and mom said no but the doctor said oh you have a horse young man you could tell he understood well let's have a look at this horse and so they brought him in and he was ok but the doctor said he would put a cast on each of us and we could get better together and that horse never complained once although I did because I couldn't go anywhere or climb any trees and it made me mad but that old horse stayed right by me and I guessed he missed the sunshine more than me but he never said so and when we finally got our casts off I laughed at him because he was so skinny but he never noticed my white puny leg just said come on we've got a lot of riding to do yep that was my horse and we rode a lot of summers together and he never complained when I rode him too much when he was tired although I yelled at him a lot to go faster and well one day he up and died just gave up and died I buried him and I had some more horses some thirty-nine cent ones from downtown which is a lot more than I paid for him but they weren't ever as good and one day I gave up on horses and tried to make people my friends but it didn't work I couldn't buy a friend not even for forty-nine cents I guess I was too used to horses.

